Laid To Rest

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Laid To Rest

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Hannibal and Will are being haunted by the ghost of Frederick Chilton, there's only one way to lay him to rest.

Notes

I have used the rape tag due to the initial situation between Will and Chilton. This is a light-hearted and ridiculous story, however the initial interactions between sleeping Will and ghost Chilton are non-consensual and might be something some readers might wish to avoid.

Will woke in a cold sweat, sitting up in bed in a way that twisted the sheets around him and pulled a grumble from Hannibal.

He panted as he tried to focus on the room but it was too dark to make out much. There was nothing there, he knew. Despite his hard cock straining at the sensation that he must have imagined. If Hannibal wasn't clearly so fast asleep beside him, he might have believed his lover was trying to wake him with a blowjob.

He groaned and pressed his hand down on his crotch. It was that faceless figure again. Or not faceless but obscured, just beyond his reach, like he wasn't quite real. And it was a he, and it was, Will knew, someone he had known. He might not be able to clearly see who the person is, but he could *feel* him. A smugness and void of charm that persisted after death.

"Will?" Hannibal mumbled and reached for him and Will took his hand, squeezed it and then got up from the bed. He needed a shower, a cold one. And then he'd cuddle back up to Hannibal and hope to get back to sleep.

*

"Are we going to talk about it?" Hannibal asked over breakfast.

Will would have sniped that he didn't know what Hannibal was talking about, but given that they shared a bed, it was difficult to hide anything from his once therapist.

"Not if you're going to go all psychologist on me," Will replied before forking eggs into his mouth.

"You're not sleeping. This is the sixth time you've had a disturbed night in the last two weeks," When Will continued to eat rather than replying Hannibal continued. "If it's nightmares, Will, it may help to discuss--"

Will shook his head, about to protest that they weren't nightmares. But what were they?

If he was honest, he wasn't sure they were even dreams. Not that he was trying to ignore that they might be wet dreams, even if nightmarish due to the subject involved. It was more that it felt so *real*.

"It's not nightmares," Will finally said. "I don't know…"

He felt discombobulated by the whole thing, he didn't even have words to describe it. But if he couldn't discuss it with Hannibal, who could he discuss it with? And after several nights of this, he really needed to tell someone.

"You're going to think I'm crazy."

Hannibal raised a brow, “Crazy is not a word I use without caution. What makes you think you are *crazy*, Will?” His tone had slipped into his familiar therapist manner.

“They don’t feel like dreams,” Will replied quickly, “whatever it is, it feels real.”

“Dreams can often feel very real. The same parts of the brain that are active when we are awake are also active when we are in certain stages of our sleep,” Hannibal took the hint from Will’s expression and instead then asked, “And what happens in these not-dreams?”

Will swallowed and focused on Hannibal intently then, giving him *a look*.

With some amusement, Hannibal’s lips tweaked into a small smile, “Something of a sexual nature? Will, it is quite normal for men of any age to have--”

Will waved a hand dismissively, “If I was just having, um, night emissions, do you think I’d be so concerned? It’s not about what happens… what I do… It’s about what is done to me.”

Hannibal frowns at that and his concern is obvious, “Please explain.”

“In the night, I feel like… it’s like someone is there. A third person in our room… touching me. Sexually.”

“I see,” Hannibal’s tone and expression were dark and for a moment, dark enough that it sent a chill up Will’s spine.

*

Four nights went by before it happened again, this time with the small cameras Hannibal had set up all in place. Strategically dotted around the room, they captured the door, the window and the bed, which gave enough scope of the whole room over all.

Even so, when they reviewed the tapes together the next morning, there was no one there.

The tape showed Will stirring, his covers moving - though in the darkness it wasn’t clear whether he had moved them himself. What was clear was Will’s cock being drawn through his boxers and coaxed to hardness, while Will’s hands fisted the bedsheets. By the time Will actually woke, his body was rocking ever so slightly.

“Felt like someone was jerking me off,” Will muttered, embarrassed and upset as they both watched him wake just as he ejaculated all over himself.

Hannibal let out what could only be described as a low growl as he paused the tape. The window and door had remained undisturbed, and the room would have seemed entirely empty but for clear signs that someone was molesting Will.

“I think I… I think I know who it is,” Will added.

Hannibal turned to him, his eyes burning with rage, “who?”

“There’s something… sometimes when I wake up, I feel like I can sense someone there. His personality,” Will added derisively, “or lack thereof.”

When Hannibal narrowed his eyes, Will clarified - “I think it’s Frederick Chilton.”

*

Doctor Frederick Chilton, once the general administrator for Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane, had died of multiple organ failure three weeks after being set alight by Francis Dolarhyde, unable to recover from extensive, massive burns.

At the time of his death, Hannibal Lecter and Will Graham, wanted by the FBI and Interpol, were in the wind. With an adequate fortune, and many aliases at their disposal, they finally surfaced with new names and identities in Cuba.

It was there that Frederick woke to find himself both bound to the couple and very much deceased. He certainly hadn’t been surprised to find the two men together, both literally and in a romantic sense. If the Ripper was dark then what was Will Graham? The man who had set him up and put him in the sights of the Great Red Dragon. He wasn’t a moth to Hannibal’s flame, Frederick was sure. No, he and Hannibal were the same type of uncategorisable monster.

Waking to find himself with these two men drew a great and exasperated sigh from his non-corporeal body.

At first he had tried to escape them, but no matter how far he managed to get from their modest but well appointed home, he would always be pulled back. His only opportunity to leave was if one of both of them left the house, and even then it was akin to being dragged around like a dog on a leash.

It was on one such occasion that he was able to upset the applecart, literally. Hannibal was buying produce in an open air market and, in his frustration (Hannibal was charming the grocer with tales of his false history), Frederick kicked the fruit stand, spilling apples out onto the ground.

After that he had tried time and again to touch something, to move something. If nothing else he’d gladly spend the rest of his afterlife causing mayhem for this pair. But nothing seemed to work.

Not until one night a few weeks ago when Will Graham was having what appeared to be an erotic dream. He had, thankfully, managed to avoid watching the two men together, but watching Will like this was different, and it made something inside him stir.

Frederick remembered a time when he had been Hannibal’s greatest rival. His nemesis. So similar had they been in all but their blood thirst that it had been easy to frame him for Hannibal’s crimes. He had been Hannibal’s patsy exactly because they were so alike.

And, yes, perhaps there was a time when he found Will Graham attractive. Perhaps, had things been different in many, many, ways, he might have flirted with the man. And perhaps,

had Will flirted back, he might have made a move.

A strong feeling surged through Frederick and he felt compelled to lay his hands on Will. And he did. Just like the apple cart, he could feel Will beneath his hands. Whatever it was that made him able to touch, it was happening for him with Will, and that thought made him hard.

That first night he had just been content to place his hands on Will's chest, feeling the race of his heart as whatever dream he was having brought him to climax and he woke in a daze. Now he knew that he could touch, he could hardly help himself. And so every few nights, or perhaps it was more, Frederick touched Will.

He didn't wait for him to have another dream, inducing the dream himself as he ran his hand over Will's body, from his neck down to his rather ample cock. He touched it, licked it, sucked it. He wanted it inside him more with each encounter, but Will would stir, he would wake and Frederick never had the chance to finally seat himself on the man's cock and ride him.

And yes, perhaps that was something he'd wanted to do since the very first time he'd laid eyes on Will Graham. And perhaps it could have happened had Hannibal not been in the picture.

Some nights, Frederick fantasised about killing Hannibal, putting his hands around his throat and throttling him. And one night, he even tried, but despite being able to almost feel the man beneath him, Will was too much of a distraction to maintain focus.

Finally, it struck Frederick, maybe that was why he was there - why his spirit hadn't moved on. He was there to kill Hannibal Lecter… Or finally have sex with Will Graham.

He'd take either one.

*

"You can't be serious?!" Will blinked, eyes wide.

"It is as I say, Mr Brown," The woman said his name in a way that said she absolutely knew it was fake, "I can feel this restless spirit. The only way to be rid of him, is to give him what he wants. Only then can his spirit be laid to rest and crossover into the beyond."

Will shook his head and let out a mirthless laugh.

When Hannibal had said he had contacted a local medium about what had happened, Will hadn't been happy. He didn't want people knowing their business, and least of all about his not-dreams. But Hannibal had pointed out that they were low on options, and this was one of the very few available to them.

But now as they sat around the kitchen table, Will wished he'd put his foot down. Not because he thought she was a fake, or was wrong, but because she had told him something he

had very much not wanted to hear. That, in order to get rid of Frederick Chilton's ghost, Will had to fuck him.

Hannibal turned to the woman and thanked her, getting to his feet. She took the hint and rose too, allowing herself to be shown out once Hannibal had crossed her palm with a small wad of notes.

"I'm not doing it," Will said once Hannibal had returned to the table.

"And ordinarily I wouldn't have you do so. However, it seems our options are limited. Even so, the decision is ultimately yours, it seems it is you he would continue to haunt."

"Why me!" Will's words were almost a whine.

"Why you? Will," Hannibal's were words soft and full of adoration. "Any man or woman would have to be blind not to want to be intimate with you. I count myself lucky every day that--"

"Yeah, yeah," Will waved a dismissive hand. He huffed and shook his head. He didn't want to do this but was there really any other option?

The more concerning question was, why did the thought of it turn him on a little? Why did the idea of bringing those not-dreams to a climactic conclusion have his cock throbbing?

After everything with Hannibal, Will couldn't pretend to not be something of a deviant, or to have some kinks and quirks that he might want to explore. And maybe, just maybe, there was a strange thrill to cuckolding Hannibal. A thrill at the thought of humiliating him just a little after everything he had done to Will.

"Fine," Will finally groused, "next time, I go all the way."

Hannibal nodded, disappointingly giving no indication of his thoughts or feelings one way or the other.

*

It was the following evening that Chilton decided it was time to play with Will again.

He'd spent a few days lying low, but the temptation was too great not to have Will Graham's cock in his mouth again. The last time he'd been able to make Will come in his mouth, he'd lost his form in the moment and was unable to swallow it down, instead it shot through the back of his head all over Will's chest. He could barely even get the flavour of it as it passed over his tongue.

Even so, the thought of it made him hard, and as soon as Will was sleeping deeply, he positioned his face over his crotch and began to mouth at Will's boxer shorts.

Will felt the sensation even as he dreamed, said dream turning instantly erotic. Dreams that had featured Hannibal long before they'd gotten together, now turned to someone else. It was Chilton running his mouth over his dick, and he wasn't sure how much of that was the

knowledge that the man's ghost was likely doing so in that moment, or because he wanted it to be.

Chilton moaned as he sucked Will into his mouth, a different sensation than usual as he felt a slight thrust in response.

Will slowly woke, and immediately let himself relax. Now that he knew what was happening, and moreover knew what he needed to do, he was happy to go with whatever came next. His reaction to a wet, though not warm but room temperature mouth on his cock made him thrust up and then groan.

He wanted to take Chilton's head in his hands and fuck into him, but knew from the medium that more than that was needed.

He needed to fuck Frederick Chilton's ghost.

Frederick was enjoying the increasing thrusts, his fingers grabbing at Will's hips until he was solid enough to take a hold of them. That was when Will gasped and Chilton looked up. Their eyes met, there was no denying that.

When Will looked down he could see something. A figure at first, faint and featureless, but as he continued to thrust and to watch, the figure clarified - like smoke forming into a ring. And there he was, faint, almost as though he were a black and white movie, flickering slightly and not in colour. He gasped at the sight and then their eyes met.

It was then that Hannibal woke.

"Is he here, Will?" Hannibal asked in the darkness, apparently unable to see that Chilton at all, let alone that Will's dick was being sucked.

"Y-yeah," Will's answer was a muffled gasp as Chilton deepthroated him.

Frederick hummed, vibrating around the cock in his mouth as he thought about what he was doing, how he was doing this one thing that Hannibal had done. He had never murdered, never sliced and butchered, never - knowingly or willingly - eaten human flesh, but now he had Will Graham. If Hannibal had wanted to frame him, then he got this in return.

Will groaned as he felt vibrations around his cock, almost curling over at the sensation and instead becoming rigid. He panted and shook and needed more, *wanted* more!

"Chilton…" Will growled out and reached down, in some ways, they both needed this.

Frederick shivered as Will reached out to him and didn't hesitate in responding. Moving from his position, he climbed over Will until their cocks were pressed together and their faces hovered next to each other. Did he risk kissing the man? Would Will allow it? It seemed so much more intimate a thing

For a moment Will was sure that Chilton was going to kiss him, but the thought of that didn't sit right. It wasn't necessary, and it wasn't something he'd ever imagined. Had he imagined this? Maybe. Not quite, but almost, or at least since he understood what was happening.

He had imagined fucking Chilton.

Frederick startled when warm hands took hold of his waist, able to grab him in this form, quite unexpectedly. And yet Will was manhandling him and he couldn't help but let out a shuddering groan, suddenly very close to coming.

There was something delicious in Chilton's expression, something that spurred Will on as he lifted the man's hips, manoeuvring him until he was over his cock. He felt Chilton's corporeal hand take hold of him and then press him against his tight hole.

The sensation of Chilton's body opening to him was wild. It wasn't like when he fucked Hannibal, he was sure it wasn't like when Hannibal fucked him. There was a sensation of there being something and nothing there at the same time. Pressure, presence, but not real form.

Frederick sighed as he sank down, easy and with no lube apparently necessary. He took Will completely inside him and felt a satisfaction he hadn't felt in a long time and certainly not since he'd died. It felt so very good to feel so full, to feel like he was connected, even if it really meant nothing. Because it didn't, he knew. He knew it from the way Will turned his blissed expression towards Hannibal.

"Is it good, Will?" Hannibal asked as Will rocked his hips, his hands tightening on Chilton's hips.

Will nodded, "Yeah… different…"

"Are you enjoying yourself?" There was an indecipherable tone in Hannibal's voice and Frederick felt Will falter, even though he didn't answer. Instead the question spurred him on, with Will tightening his grip and fucking up into Chilton.

The movement became relentless as Frederick bounced on Will's cock, his own bobbing and slapping against his belly in a way that brought him close to the edge again.

"You need release, Frederick," Will told him, looking back at him now. "You need to be released."

It was those words, the sincerity in them, that had Chilton coming, not Will hammering at his prostate, or the slapping of his cock. It was the sense that he should, he could, let go. Regardless of what these two men had ever done to him, or what desires he had had, in truth, for them both at varying points. It was all done now.

He could let go, be released from this life.

Will watched Chilton's face as he came, pleasure and relief there, the tightening of his body pulling Will's own release from him.

Frederick felt Will come inside, filling him deep, into him and then through him as his body began to fade and the hot splatter landed on Will's stomach.

But at least he'd felt it, just for that moment he'd felt it - felt what it was like to have something of Hannibal's. And now he could let go.

Will pumped his hips through his climax until there was no longer friction, no pressure around him. No Chilton. He was gone. Completely gone.

Perhaps Hannibal sensed it too, because then he leaned over and kissed Will gently, before rising from the bed to run him a bath.

*

Will had slept soundly in the end, after his bath and with Hannibal holding him, he had the best night's sleep in a long while.

All the same, in the morning he'd woken feeling off. He wasn't even sure why at first, he just knew he didn't want Hannibal to touch him. He'd pulled out of the man's arms and silently gone to the kitchen to make coffee.

He'd worked it out by the time Hannibal joined him and poured out a coffee for himself. And apparently Hannibal had worked it out too.

"You're annoyed that I'm not jealous," Hannibal mused from behind his coffee mug.

"No… Yes…" Will's tone was exasperated and he folded his arms when he turned to Hannibal. Hannibal had been completely emotionless about the whole thing when Will had wanted him to feel *something*. Jealousy, humiliation, even anger. "You're so possessive, I just thought you might have an issue with me sleeping with someone else."

Hannibal set his mug down and tilted his head slightly, "you're right, Will. If a living person laid a finger on you, I would slit their throat. But as Chilton is already dead, killing him would prove both difficult and fruitless."

"So, I've found a loophole in your jealousy," Will had meant it to be a tease but the words came out harsher than he'd expected.

Hannibal's lips pulled into a soft smirk, and he made his way around the kitchen counter to slide his arms around Will's waist from behind. He muttered against the nape of Will's neck, "A fact only useful if you plan on engaging further in sexual acts with ghosts, or taking up necrophilia. Is that what you want to hear, Will? Would you like me to assist you in digging up a corpse."

Will made a noise of disgust and tried to push Hannibal off of him, but the man was immovable, and his hands slid forward from Will to the counter top, caging him in.

"Or, shall we skip all that and I just show you what happens to *you* if I get jealous?" Hannibal growled next to his ear as he pressed his hard cock to Will's ass and shoved him hard against the counter. "Let's see if I can't give you an equally spiritual encounter."

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